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LISBON RESTORED,

A
VISION.

(On the First of *November*, 1756)

Addressed to the Sons of COMMERCE,

With an ODE to

BRITANNIA,

Found among the Papers of a *Portuguese* Gentleman lately
' Deceased.

Volvenda Dies en! attulit ultro!

VIRGIL.

— That he may know how frail
His fall'n Condition is, and to me owe
All his Deliverance, and to none but me.

MILTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. REEVE, at *Shakespear's* Head, in *Fleet-Street*, and to
be had of S. HOOPER, near *Beaufort Buildings* in the *Strand*; and
J. SHOVE, in *Maiden-Lane*, near *Southampton-Street*, *Covent-*
Garden. 1757.

[Price Six-Pence.]

L12BOW RESTORED

V I S I O N .

Addressed to the Sons of Commerce

B R I T A N N I A



[Price six-pence]

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BORD.

My LORD,

THE Moral attempted to be inculcated by the Author of the ensuing Lines, seems to render any Apology for the Publication entirely useless, as far as relates to the general Opinion; and I flatter myself, your Lordship's well-known Regard for the *British* Welfare, will sufficiently excuse my offering it to you. Could any inferior Reason take Place, I should say, I was influenced to make Use of this Opportunity

DEDICATION.

to return my most grateful Thanks for many former Favours, since your present military Employment, and Distance from *England*, must acquit me of having any interested Views in the Tribute I am now making.

I beg to be esteemed, with the utmost Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged,

and Obedient Humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

L I S B O N R E S T O R E D,

A

V I S I O N.

I.

L *I S B O N's no more!--the fatal Sound*
(This Morn renews the dreadful Wound)
Still strikes upon my Ear!

I see, with Horror and Surprize,
The Earth from her Foundations rise,
The Storms her Bosom tear.

II.

Again the Seas in Mountains swell,
Again I hear with hideous Yell
Whole Palaces subdu'd!
Within a Minute's----Moment's Space,
Scarce is there left whereby to trace
Where once a Kingdom stood.

Again

III.

Again the Billows I survey,
In Deluge sweep whole Plains away
 Within their watry Grave!
Again the Flames in Spires ascend!
Together cling the Foe and Friend,
 The Monarch and the Slave!

IV.

Ah! what avails the splendid Throne,
The purple Robe, the glitt'ring Crown,
 With all the Pride of State?
The splendid Throne in Dust is lain,
The Robe the Crown all shine in vain,
 All yield to ruthless Fate.

V.

Hence let the proudest Monarch know,
When Fate demands, no Pow'r below,
 No Empire can remain-----
Inexorable Ruler, fly!
Tell them, that Kings, like us, must die,
 Oh! tell them they are Men!

The

VI.

The Labour of a thousand Years,
 The Source of thousand Hopes and Fears,
 How soon do we deplore!
 The Spot, which Morning's Ray beheld
 Enrich'd with all that Wealth could yield,
 Ere Noon-tide was no more!

VII.

Oh! why, within a Moment's Space
 (All-gracious Heav'n!) should a whole Race
 At once be snatch'd away?
 Unfit to stand their Audit dread,
 With all their Crimes upon their Head,
 Perhaps, *full-blown* as *May*!

VIII.

Could not the Friend for Mercy plead,
 The sacred Nuptial-Suit succeed,
 The suppliant Parent move?
 And shall the suppliant Father's Pray'r,
 The Friend's Request, the Mother's Care
 No more be heard above?

IX.

In what then do we place our Trust?
We're taught the Ways of Heav'n are just---
--- 'Twas thus methought I spoke,
While meditating Death's dire Day
To *Lisbon's* Sons, I musing lay
Beneath the blasted Oak.

X.

When strait a Figure, Awe-bedight,
Before my Fancy's raptur'd Sight
In stern Reproof appear'd;
A frowning Brow his Ire avow'd ---
While (Reason, chasing Passion's Cloud)
I trembled, and rever'd.

XI.

When thus---“ presuming Mortal, hence!
“ Dar’st thou arraign that Providence,
“ Which form’d thee in the Womb?---
“ And whose all-wise, all-pow’rful Hand
“ Thy ev’ry Motion doth command,
“ From thence unto the Tomb?

“ Why

XII.

- “ Why sometime his divine Award
“ The good may punish, bad regard,
“ Shall it be thine to know?
“ Canst thou, with vain-erected Eyes,
“ Read his least Wonder in the Skies?----
“ Poor Insect! keep below!

XIII.

- “ The Lot to Individuals hard
“ Our gen’ral Good doth still regard,
“ And gen’ral Use supplies;
“ He ev’ry where, and Lord of All,
“ Where he decrees one Mortal’s Fall,
“ Perhaps bids Nations rise.

XIV.

- “ The Wealth, which now he doth bequeath,
“ He scatters with his smallest Breath,
“ Perhaps, ere Ev’ning-Ray.---
“ In all his Acts, just, good and wise!
“ Perhaps what Goodness now supplies,
“ Now Goodness take away.

B

“ Thy

XV.

‘ Thy shallow Judgment cannot learn,
“ Thy feeble Eye can scarce discern
 “ His Wisdom’s flightest Lore,
‘ That guides the secret Springs of Fate---
“ Then, Mortal, unrepining wait,
 “ Hear!--Wonder!--And adore !

XVI.

With Self-Conviction’s Blush o’erspread,
Abash’d I bow’d my lowly Head,
 And thus my Shame express’d,
Maker and Guider of the Whole,
O stream thyself into my Soul,
 Thy Grace into my Breast !

XVII.

Forgive the blind, presumptuous Fool,
Who dar’d arraign thy righteous Rule,
 And question thy Decree !
Teach me, by thy enliv’ning Light,
How I may know myself aright,
 And how may honour thee !

Teach

XVIII.

Teach me, great Sov'reign of my Fate,
To live contented with my State,
Thy Word in all t'obey!
And where my Judgment's feeble Pow'r
Thy holy Dictates fails t'adore,
That ev'n my Ign'rance may!

XIX.

Prostrate beneath thy sacred Seat.
For thy Remission I entreat,
To whom all Faults are known;---
This first, this noblest Bliss I prize,
Grant,---to be truly good and wise,
And make me all thy own.

XX.

I ask not to be rich, nor great;
For what thou think'st my better State
I sue---and that alone!---
Whate'er thou grant'st, I gladly take;
Freely what thou deny'st, forsake,
In all, thy Will be done!

XXI.

Scarce were my Supplications done,
When lo! the Angel-Figure shone
 With Mercy's sweetest Ray;
Beneficence' fair Smile o'erspread
His Face---his Eye mild Glances shed,
 And beam'd like op'ning Day.

XXII.

" For this thy free Repentance, lo!
" A fairer Prospect will I shew,
 A better Fate impart---
" This Lesson hence thou may'st receive,
" That Heav'n not only deigns forgive,
 " But glad the contrite Heart,

XXIII.

He said---and wav'd a silver Wand,
When Plenty smil'd o'er all the Land,
 And Pleasure danc'd around;
The Sun, in brightest Glory drest,
Cheer'd and dilated ev'ry Breast,
 And warm'd the fertile Ground.

I saw

XXIV.

I saw fair *Lisbon's* Turrets rise,
Her Sons revive in glad Surprize,
Her Fields, her Vallies bloom;
Her Merchandize again abound,
Again her verdant Gardens crown'd
With native rich Perfume.

XXV.

Again the temp'rate Ocean flow'd,
Again their Fleet triumphant rode,
In plenteous Traffick gay!
Again, behold, the rising Gale
Propitious fills the swelling Sail,
And whitens all the Sea!

XXVI.

Jove smiles serene o'er all the Soil;
The Swains renew their wonted Toil,
Their grateful Praises paid;
The Sons of Commerce fill the Street,
In Hymns their great Restorer greet,
And hail reviving Trade.

I join'd

XXVII.

I join'd, methought, the gladsome Croud,
And thus my Zeal express'd aloud,

“ Hail favour'd Sons of Men!

“ Due Trust in Heav'n let none neglect,

“ The Hand which form'd us, can protect,

“ Can save, and best knows when.

XXVIII.

Thus had I spoke, when lo! afar
The beauteous Seraph, swift as Air,

Wrapt in a Flame divine,

Was fled---and while my Eye pursu'd,

In grateful Thankfulness I bow'd,

And bless'd the Pow'r benign.

XXIX.

Britannia's Genius strait appear'd,

His honest Front with Grace uprear'd,

His Eye sublimely bold,

“ Go seek, said he, thy native Shore,

“ Bid thy glad Sons repine no more,

“ And all thy Tale unfold.

He

XXX.

He spoke---and strait with Pinions spread,
(While radiant Glories veil'd his Head)
He cut the yielding Way;
While the relinquish'd Track flung round
Seraphic Lustre o'er the Ground,
That sham'd meridian Day.

XXXI.

Then swift o'er Seas, o'er Land I pass'd
With more than visionary Haste,
And reach'd the happy Isle---
The Tale, while as I did impart,
With Rapture swell'd each *British* Heart,
All Nature seem'd to smile.
Then, Zeal-inspir'd, I thus express'd
The glowing Ardour in my Breast.

O D E.

ALL hail! thrice-blest, thrice-favour'd Land!
Enrich'd by Nature's partial Hand,
With ev'ry Wealth, and ev'ry Store,
That decks the rich, or feeds the poor!

Swelling

Swelling thy Harvest, *Ceres* yields
 The largest Tribute of her Fields,
 To sweeten *Autumn's* yellow Wealth,
 And glad thy happy Sons with Health.

I see rich Commerce load thy Plain,
 I see the Ships o'ershade the Main,
 Thy happier Sons with Riches stor'd
 From bounteous Nature's fruitfullst Hoard.

Soon as sweet Peace shall bless this Isle,
 Where shall the God of Plenty smile
 With more Delight?---What other Coast
 Than thine more fertile Meads can boast?

All hail! thrice blest, thrice favour'd Land!
 Enrich'd by Nature's partial Hand,
 With ev'ry Wealth and ev'ry Store,
 That decks the rich, or glads the poor.



F I N I S.

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